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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF *Netterville:*,

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAP. XXV.

WE landed at Saffa, about one o'clock, took our intended repast, and then proceeded towards the Cave of Fingall; all the way walking on the pillars, which had been thrown down either by time, or the manifold convulsions of nature; some of these reclined on one side, others were extended quite flat; yet, which ever way they were thrown, appeared to be that in which they gave the eye perfect satisfaction.—Arrived at the Cave, we were so much taken up with the magnificence of its appearance, that we could not be prevailed on to quit it until night almost closed in, when the sailors, with great difficulty, persuaded us to depart, fearing an approaching storm. The vessel was surrounded with multitudes of worms, which, when touched by the oars, gave a dazzling light, like that of a glow-worm; and which, the sailors assured us, were a never-failing index of an approaching tempest.—Alas! too fatally did we experience the truth of this observation.

Almost immediately after we embarked, a hazy fog began to arise from the sea; a small drizzly rain to fall, dark and fearful clouds gathered over us; the countenances of the sailors threw us into universal consternation; the wind rose, the thunder rolled over our heads, and roared tremendously; blue and vivid lightnings darted their forked rays around us in every direction; the transient light they afforded us, added to the dark and fearful horrors by which they were succeeded; the sea raged mountains high, and every approaching billow yawned as if at once to overwhelm us.—O, God; who can speak our feelings? who can describe the horror of that night?—Every hope depended on keeping off at sea; and this we had the greatest possible reason to fear could not be effected; for the wind blew us directly towards a chain of rocks to the south of Jona; night shut in upon us in this situation; the lightning no longer aided us with it casual beams, the rain increased to torrents, and the haze was so thick, we had scarcely a chance of escaping the dangers by which we were surrounded.—The dreadful certainty at length reached us, the vessel struck on a rock called Bonirevor at no great distance from Jona. O God! my heart shudders at the recollection of the scene which followed!—A small boat was put out, into which myself and two of the mariners jumped, with the intention of working her off—Alas! too well did we succeed!—she reeled, and with an amazing plunge, freed herself—her keel rose almost out of the water—she dipped—and we saw her no more.

One of the men in the boat had observed her motion, and cutting the rope which fastened us to her, spared us yet a little longer. Dreadful was the cry of horror which assailed us from the unfortunate sufferers; the sea broke over both sides of our little boat—the surf roared like the sound of an earthquake:—we remained for some time motionless, unable to speak or think—our faculties were, as it were, congealed with horror; I know not how long we might have continued in this situation, had not a noise at the side of the boat aroused our situation—a feeble voice appeared to speak—it was a wretch struggling in the pangs of drowning; after repeated efforts, we, with great difficulty, got him into the boat.—O, merciful God! how my heart bounded with thankfulness towards thee, it was my Augustus—my only brother!—The whole of that night, we stemmed the boiling of the surge, and the beating of the tempest; and near the dawn of morning, again discovered ourselves within sight of the shore—the wished for haven was in view, yet we dared not approach it, as the violence of the surf prevented all hopes of effecting a landing with safety;—the whole of the following day was passed in the same comfortless situation—we were weak with hunger, fatigue, and watching; towards night we again made for shore, and in danger of perishing with famine, cold, aud weariness—no alternative presented itself to our view, and we at last determined to attempt landing; the project, we well knew, was hazardous in the extreme, we bade each other an eternal adieu—I pressed my Augustus to my fraternal bosom, in speechless agony, while tears of affection, and terror streamed down his manly cheek—often did our exertions bring us within an oar's length of the beach, and as often did the recoiling waters force us back, and threaten us with instant destruction—again we approached, and again almost on shore; when a tremendous breaker over-set our frail bark, and I lost all recollection of the past, and all hope of futurity in a state of total insensibilty. On awaking from the stupor into which I had been thrown by the overturn of the boat, I found myself cast on shore; by my side sat a beautiful female,

who appeared to be using her utmost exertions towards my recovery; perceiving my eyes open, she uttered an ejaculation of thankfulness—I pressed my hand on my heart, I was too much exhausted to speak—she put her finger on her lips as a token of silence. I was scarcely conscious of my own situation—I could retain but a faint and confused recollection of the past horrors:—

> "It was rather like a dream far off, than an assurance which the remembrance warrants."

My whole body laboured under an accumulation of blows and bruises, and I almost wished to be suffered to sink into the grave unmolested, without any attempt towards my restoration; yet I was grateful to my fair protectress—I laid her hand on my heart—I looked in her face, she appeared more than mortal; two men arrived soon after, and placed me in a sort of litter; during the short journey of two miles, my fair guardian walked by my side, frequently stopped my conveyancers while she administered to me a vivifying cordial.—We soon reached a spacious mansion, built in the Gothic style; here we were received by an old gentleman, who assisted in placing me in a bed; he examined my bruises, and having given me proper applications and restoratives, left me to repose, and the care of a female domestic. In a short time, I was able to sit up, and give them some information respecting my family; and from the old gentleman, whom I found to be Sir Archibald Macdonald, I soon learned I was the only person who had escaped from the ruthless waves alive, as the body of my beloved brother, and those of the two sailors had been washed on shore, the day after that in which Miss Macdonald discovered and preserved me.—I wept over the untimely fate of my Augustus, with sincere tears of affection and regret—for nineteen years had we been the faithful repository of each other's thoughts—nature appeared to have designed that we should entertain for each other a more than ordinary love—she had united us in the womb—the playfulness of infancy had endeared us to each other—the studies and amusements of youth had strongly rivetted us in chains of affection; the attachment had—

> "Grown with our growth, and strengthen'd with our strength——"

And I had fondly hoped to have seen my Augustus, in the full pride of manhood, the glory and ornament of my family;—had promised myself years of enjoyment in his society—had pictured an old age of felicity, which I was doomed never to see realized. The Almighty blasted these expectations, and, in his wisdom, doomed me the sad survivor!—Alas? Mary, he has thought fit to pour upon me more bitter and aggravated woes; yet I will not repine, rather let me cry out with thankfulness——

> "It is the Lord! Let him do what seemeth good unto him!"—

The gentle hearts of Sir Archibald and his fair daughter, commiserated my misfortunes—the mild eyes of the sweet Katie shed tears of sympathy with me on the loss I had sustained: the charms of her conversation insensibly soothed my soul, and stole from it the remembrance of every thing but herself.—She was, I may truly say, without exception, the most irresistably beautiful woman I ever beheld—Alas! that *was*.—To me she has long ceased to exist—her figure was light, airy, and graceful; her hair brown, her eyes blue, and penetrating; an inexpressible delicacy diffused itself over her whole frame; and her voice—O God! how melodious that voice was! when in benignant and gentle tones she consoled and compassionated my hapless destiny:

> "But when she spoke of love!
> Her voice surpass'd th' harmonious warblings of Italian song."

As I recovered my health, who can wonder that this fascinating young woman became insensibly dearer to me than the whole world! who can wonder that native simplicity of her manners, the undisguised freedom and naivette with which she addressed me; the beauty of her person, the charms of her conversation, the grace of her figure, the melody of her voice, and the noble and generous sentiments which continually fell from her lips, should make an interest and impression on my young heart, which no time could ever efface; how often have I gazed on her with speechless rapture, when I have beheld her, like the sun, dispersing beams of light and happiness on all around, when habited in a pale green jacket, with a kerchief of the same colour round her head; her brown hair flowing gracefully down her bosom, and her plaid carelessly buckled at the neck, waving in the wind behind her; when I have seen her enter the cabin of the poor fisherman, and unasked, administer to his wants—when I have witnessed the tear of sympathy, stealing down her lovely cheeks, at the recital of a tale of woe!

I was now intirely recovered, and began to think of returning to Edinburgh; and though I dreaded the hour which was to separate me from the lovely Katie, yet I dared not any longer retard my departure. Whenever this departure became the subject of conversation, I perceived, with delight, that a sigh would agitate the gentle bosom of Miss Macdonald—the good Sir Archibald, also, lamented the loss of my society.—I ventured to hint to him my wishes, respecting his daughter—he silenced me at once by the following reply—"I should, believe me, esteem myself happy to form an alliance with you, for in such an union, I should feel satisfied in having given happiness to my child. I have a paternal esteem for you—But you know, too well, the character of your father; you know the animosity, which has long subsisted between our families; and does not your heart tell you, that he will not easily pardon such an alliance—have you mentioned this subject to my Katie?"—I assured him I had not—"Then promise me you will not," cried he—I hesitated—"give me the satisfaction of knowing that the peace of my child is uninjured; she is young, tender, and ingenuous; do not trifle with her susceptibility, let her remain in ignorance of your sentiments until you have consulted Lord Newark."—"Sir Archibald," I replied, "I will deal candidly with you, I will leave this place without seeing Miss Macdonald—for I cannot meet her, and conceal the sentiments of my full heart; I will return to my father, and reveal to him my wishes—but I here solemnly swear, that while your daughter remains single, no other woman shall become my wife; yet I will never again behold her without your approbation."—"That consent," returned he, "can only follow the sanction of your father."—I quitted him and returned to Edinburgh; at which place I found letters of a long date from my parents, together with a commission and orders to join my regiment immediately, as it was destined to embark for the East-Indies. No time was left for delay.—I returned to the house of the good Sir Archibald, and from him wrung a reluctant consent to unite myself to his beloved Katie;—never shall I forget the sweet smile with which she consented to become mine—never the affliction I felt at our separation which took place the day after the performance of the ceremony—"O!" cried the dear angel, as she clung around my neck in an agony of tears, "you are going to fight the battles of your country—a fatal presentiment tells me, we shall meet no

more—yet we must part; honour, rigid honour demands it.—Clanrick, my beloved, I am content to resign thee!" I tore myself from her arms—and having taken an affectionate leave of the good baronet, I departed for London, in which city my father then was—he was both surprised and rejoiced to see me, for he had lamented me as dead; my mother fainted with happiness when informed of my unexpected appearance—they had both heard of the loss of the vessel, and had given me up for ever.

"This," thought I, "is the favorable moment to declare my marriage."—I did so.—My father was at first displeased; but the thoughts of my recent danger, and my speedy departure, at length moved him, and he gave me his blessing, and sincere wishes for my felicity.—In about a fortnight's time I was promoted to a captaincy, and embarked for the Indies.—I received frequent letters, both from my parents and Katie; in one of the letters, she informed me of the death of her father, and that she intended hastening to London, there to wait my permission to embark for the Indies to join me.—I was, at the time I received this letter, confined to my bed, in a very dangerous state, from one of those fevers so incidental to that country; but I immediately dispatched a person, in whom I thought I could confide, to conduct her to me. I directed him to enquire for her at my father's house, at which place she had instructed me to seek her. Month after month stole away, and I obtained no letter either from my wife or my friend—again time rolled on, and I gained no intelligence—my heart sickened with anxiety and vexation—I intreated leave of absence, it was refused me—my mind became a prey to the most gloomy apprehensions, when I received a letter from my father, which confirmed even my worst surmises—he informed me, that my friend had been drowned, as he attempted to land from a small boat, during a boisterous gale; and that my Katie had left her house, with the intention of visiting him in London; but that she had never arrived.—He further said, that he waited for some time; but receiving no intelligence of her, had at length dispatched a messenger to Scotland.—Still he was ignorant of her fate, yet it was generally supposed she had either perished on the water, as she sailed to the opposite coast, or that she had been murdered.——This intelligence again confined me to my bed; I was incapable of any exertion, consequently could not attend to my military duty.—I was permitted to return home, yet the permission was no longer of use—my happiness was irretrievably blasted!—My body was the prey of disease, my mind the victim of despair!—I arrived in London—I went to the house of my father, but could gain no news of my lost love,—I journeyed to Jona, but the journey only convinced me that she was no more.—She had been at Edinburgh, had taken leave of some of her maternal relatives.—To that place I bent my way; she had remained there three weeks—she had then set out for England.—I followed her route; in a country so much frequented by travellers, it was impossible, at the distance of twelve months, to trace her steps. I discovered that a ladyhad been murdered in a retired part of the road, about the time in which she was missed; and I was but too fatally convinced that it was my wife! To the dreadful spot I went; but not any thing belonging to her could discover to me her identity, until a small locket was found by the road-side, with the initials C. M. —this I had given her.—Alas, it was too sure! My wife was gone for ever!—and how gone?—O! Mrs. Walsingham, the tender, delicate form of my Katie was butchered!—Do I live to relate it?—Cruelly butchered, in cold blood, by the relentless hands of worse than savages—by robbbers!——I erected a monument to her memory—I wept over her untimely grave—I was disconsolate, forlorn, and unhappy!—I again joined my regiment, and again returned to England.—I have given up my commission.—My father is no more. Five years have passed over my head since first this misery was mine; yet still it is unabated.—What can efface from the memory the scenes of horror implanted there?

"Rememb'rance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at the thought, and turns the past to pain."

It is the society, the consolation of friendship, which can alone wear out from the imagination a rooted sorrow; and I yet flatter myself it will please the Almighty to permit me to sit down in comfort, and await the time when he shall think fit to call me hence."

A few weeks before our marriage was to have taken place, Mr. Nelson was seized with a severe illness, which, in a few days, deprived me of a sincere friend, and the world of one of its brightest ornaments. Mrs. Nelson was quite inconsolable, and it was long before she could attend to the regulation of her domestic affairs.—The liberality, generosity, and charity of her husband had left him little to bequeath her, except the settlement which had been made on her marriage, only one hundred a year, with which she proposed retiring to Wales, which was her native place, and spending the remainder of her days in solitude.—"With œconomy," said she, as we conversed together on the subject, "my income will be ample for the expenditure of an old woman, and I shall have no wish for any thing beyond the comforts of life.—Alas! its pleasures all died with my dear Mr. Nelson.—Ah! my friend, if you, who were united to your Walsingham only a few years, could feel so deeply the deprivation of his society, what must be my regret?—The husband of my youth is no more, the companion of my old age is taken from me.—The man whom I had selected from the world, the constant friend and companion of forty years, is lost to me for ever.—You know, for you have witnessed the harmony which subsisted between us—you can, therefore, judge of the reason I have to lament him. —Every hour, as it flies over my head, reminds me of my irreparable loss.—I cannot sit at my own table without recollecting that the cheerful converse, which gave a zest to the simple repast, is no more.—Every scene, every place, reminds me of him; and often, in the midst of my orisons, tears steal down my cheeks, when I reflect that I can behold him no more—every little incident, which used to afford me pleasure, affords it no longer, for no longer can they awaken a beam of delight in the eye of Nelson."—"I cannot bear the thoughts of being separated from you," cried I, "my more than mother—I should despise Clanrick, could I, for a moment, suppose him capable of a wish to separate us—you shall ever experience from me the attention and affection of a daughter—I will be the comfort and support of your declining years." The good woman wept, I placed my little Clara on her knees—you kissed off the falling tear, and putting your little arms round her neck, you said—"Do not cry—little Clara cry too."—She almost devoured you with her caresses.—She promised to remain with us, and my heart felt a sensation of delight almost unknown.—"I shall in part, then," cried I, "repay my obligation to her—I shall be permitted to console the afflictions of her heart, to smooth the pillow of her age, to pour the balm of consolation and sympathy into her wounded bosom!"

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY
In August, 1804;
OR,
HOLIDAY-CONVERSATION,
ON
HAPPINESS.

(continued)

CHARACTERS.

Rurilla,	*Juvenia,*	*Lucinda,*	*Vanessa,*
Olivia,	*Marianna,*	*Cecilia,*	*Celestina.*

SCENE—*Banks of the Schuylkill:*—TIME—*Mid-day*

JUVENIA.

LADIES—the sentiments you both express,
As to the residence of Happiness,
Appear, to me, to have foundation in
That state which each the longest time has been.
Some of the reasons that you both have shewn
Why each to th' other's still prefers her own,
I, also, think are good, and fair applied:
Thus far, with both of you I concide.
But, then, in search of Happiness, we must
In no one state of life put too much trust
With some, the Town,—with some, the Country is
The only place that can afford them bliss:
Where'er we are, possessing diff'rent eyes,
We see a wilderness, or Eden, rise.
According, therefore, as our fancies take,
Our choice, howe'er preposterious, we make;
And, in it, whether wrong or right, confide—
Blaming the choice of all the world beside.
From such a bias—(Ladies, pardon me)
Not even you yourselves are wholly free;
Which, as your life progresses, you'll discern,
If you should wisdom from experience learn.
I, once, like you Olivia, fondly thought
That Happiness must in the Town be sought:
I liv'd in Town—but soon th' illusion flew:
And soon I bade the hated Town adieu!
For there was so much bustle, noise and strife,
I scarcely had one peaceful hour of life.
In haste, I therefore to the Country went,
In quest of quiet and of sweet content;
But there, instead of Happiness supreme,
I found my expectations all a dream.
For, as, when in the Town, I so complain'd
That nought but bus'ness care and tumult reign'd:
So now, from them remov'd, I could not find
Wherewith t' employ, or please, my anxious mind:
If there, too many friends and neighbours shone,
Why here, their cheering presence scarce was known;
All round, one dull monotony was cast,
And each day prov'd more tedious than the last.
Here, then, I strove t' investigate the cause;
As this the season for reflection was.
Disgusted with the *present*, anxious I,
In fancy would to future periods fly.
About to seize anticipated bliss,
Reason would whisper—"You the prize will miss;
"If you've ne'er happy been, or now are not,
"In vain will promis'd Happiness be sought—
"Look round the world and judge"——I look'd around,
And, in one mad career, all mankind found:
Each one's dear object was the *Sov'reign good*;
But all, to gain it diff'rent roads pursued.
Alike, the hope of all most sanguine smil'd,
Alike, the phantom all pursuit beguil'd;
Alike, were all by disappointment cross'd;
Bliss, sure in prospect, in embrace was lost.
Sighing, I said—Alas, the lot of Man!
His bliss a phantom! and his days a span!
Before young reason dawns within his breast,
His mind has peace, serenity and rest;
But, when this period comes, these guests are flown,
And Happiness is never after known.
Sure, then, I cried, this follows as a truth—
Unmix'd enjoyment only is in *youth*:
When, free from all the passions of the mind,
That rack the soul, or the perception blind,
Care, doubt and fear, despondence and dismay,
With their attendants dire, are far away;
And we, in Nature's innocence, employ
Our time in infant sports, in gambols, and in joy.
Here, then, in mind, I liv'd again my days
Of childhood, pass'd in ever varying plays;
And felt a pleasure, pure, serene, refin'd,
That left nor wound, regret, nor sting behind:
Ah! how unlike what, to maturer years,
As pleasure, or as Happiness appears!
My gay companions and my friends I had
And ev'n my sweetheart too to make me glad.
My little baby house had large supplies
Of all the fineries fancy could devise;
A splendid Turkey carpet deck'd the floor
In ev'ry room, and spread from door to door;
Superbly gilded, fashionable chairs
Adorn'd the lum'nous drawing-room upstairs,
Where my fine doll, the charming Julia, sate
In full magnificence of Eastern state.

With her no modern beauties could compare:
Her form was lovely; her complexion fair:
Her hair, in ringlets, of a jetty black,
Grac'd her white neck, and wav'd adown her back;
Her blushing cheeks with peach-bloom hue was dy'd;
Her glowing lips the cherry's red outvied;
Her sloe-black, sparkling eyes shone piercing bright,
With one continued, undiminish'd light.

On either side of her, dispos'd in taste,
The decorated room, pianos grac'd;
While the rich mantel, fraught with Flora's stores,
Presented the gay family of flow'rs.
There would the Ladies oft their visits pay,
And all genteel formalities display,
In etiquette of modern fashion quite,
But with more joy sincere, more true delight.
For, there, no envy swell'd the tender breast;
No hints sarcastic gave the tea a zest;
No fear of rivalship good humour marr'd;
Nor wish'd pre-eminence the converse shar'd;
All were, alike, as by one soul impress'd:
Happy was each to see her sister blest.

Sweet scenes of gaiety! delightful morn
Of human life! ah! never to return!
When Innocence and Love went hand in hand,
Attended by the Joys, a smiling band!
When ev'ry day, that met our raptur'd view,
Did but the former day's delight renew:
For, then, no anxious future ever came;
Still present was our bliss, and still the same—

—But, sure, I need not further urge the strain,
To prove we seek for Happiness, in vain,
When we have pass'd the childhood state of life,
Since all beyond is cares, and pains, and strife.
Already, in your countenance I see
Th' expressive look of native sympathy:
You feel that what I say is but too true,
And does, with equal force, apply to you;
Your eyes bear witness that your hearts deplore
Youth's blissful morn now gone forevermore.
Hence, I in this strong testimony trust,
That my opinion's right my judgment just;
For, Nature's language, speaking from the heart,
Surpasses all the eloquence of Art.

(to be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A READER'S GLEANINGS.—No. VI.

ON ENVY.

ENVY is a malignant vice; of so hateful an aspect, and so black a character that every man abhors it, when appearing in its own colors; and whosoever is accused, renounces the charge with indignation.

When Athon was a boy, and read the description of this foul fury, in the books of the Greek and Roman poets, he imagined it was some bedlam that infested heathen countries; but he could not believe that she should dwell among christians, and have a temple in their very bosoms.

Could one ever suppose that envy should mix itself with the blood and spirits of a good man, or find any room in the same heart where there is savor of true religion? Religion consists in an intercourse of divine and human love;

> But envy smiles at sorrows not her own,
> And laughs to hear a nation groan.
> But envy feeds on infamy and blood,
> And grieves at all that's great and good.
> But envy pines, because her neighbors thrive,
> And dies to see her brother live.

Yet this very malignant vice, this fury of hell, makes her way sometimes into the very soul that is born of God, and that hopes to be an inhabitant of heaven; but it generally takes care to conceal its name, and to disguise its odious appearance, that it may not be known in the heart where it dwells. It too often breaks out indeed before the eyes of the world, to the shame and scandal of religion, and appears in its own most hateful form, rejoicing in mischief; but it much more frequently sits brooding within, fretting at the peace and welfare of others, and spreads a melancholy gloom and painful horror round all the chambers of the soul, if the sun but shine upon a neighbor's house.

There is many a christian that indulges this secret iniquity, and practises this vice without the reproaches of conscience, because he cannot believe his conduct deserves this name. And whither can I send such an one to learn the nature of this sin better than his bible?

The holy psalmist was once overtaken with a fit of envy, and after he had been divinely convinced and ashamed of it, the way wherein he confesses and describes it is this: That he inlarged his ideas of the prosperity of the wicked, he

spread abroad all their honors and their riches before the eyes of his imagination, and magnified every circumstance of their health, their strength, and all their comforts of life; but he conceals or lessens all their troubles, as though they had nothing to complain of: While at the same time, his mouth was filled with complaints of his own sorrows, he painted his own grievances upon his fancy in the darkest colors, and the most dismal shapes, and by the comparison of their condition and his own, his soul grew much more uneasy.

As for my wicked neighbors, says he, *they thrive in the world, they increase in riches, they are not in trouble like other men, nor are they plagued as I am; their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart can wish; they oppress and prosper; they are encompassed with pride and honors; they are gay and wanton in their garments of oppression and violence; in life their strength is firm, and they die easy, for they have no painful agonies in their death: But as for me, the waters of a full cup are wrung out to me; all the day long have I been plauged, chastened every morning.* Psal. lxxiii.

The good man, when he felt this evil temper working in him, indulged it too much at first; but upon a just review he chid himself, and submitted to call it by its proper name; *I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.*

O that it had been found only among the jews and heathens, and never broke into christendom! But this is a fruitless wish.—

Thonillo has an affluence of all the blessings of life, except perfect health and public honor. He is sometimes confined to his chamber by small indispositions, while his next neighbor Thiron is half gone in a dangeaous consumption, and Thonillo knows it too; but Thiron walks about the fields, and rides daily in the country, if possible to preserve his life; in the mean time he receives his friends, with a becoming degree of cheerfulness and pleasure, and is much honored and esteemed by all his acquaintance, nor yet beyond his merit.

Go visit Thonillo, and he entertains you with nothing but long tiresome complaints of his own pains and ailments; and with a sensible anguish at heart tells you, that he hears Thiron laugh loud with his companions; that Thiron rides about at his ease, while himself is a prisoner: And while he inlarges upon all the topics that make his own life any way comfortable, he takes as much pains to expatiate upon all the better circumstances of his neighbor; he spreads them abroad in their most ample forms, and with an inward resentment paints out Thiron's happiness in glaring colors. He magnifies it to a vast excess in his own fancy, and before his friends, that he may seem to have some reason to support his uneasy comparison, and his inward disquietude of soul.

Some of those that visit him, happen to speak well of Thiron; and while they pity his dying circumstances, they mention his virtues with praise. Ah! says Thonillo, my neighbor walks at his pleasure—he is courted and caressed, and he loves those that caress him; but if they knew all that I have heard of him, they would change their opinion, and regret his honors.

Thus Thonillo grows peevish with all around him, and frets away a good part of his own health, because his neighbors are not confined to their chambers too. He loses all his good character by endeavoring to sully that of his neighbor; nor can you ever please him, unless you find fault with some of his acquaintance, and sink their names a little, and diminish their praise.

Yet Thonillo thinks himself a very good christian, and thanks God he has no envy belonging to him. Thonillo read the seventy-third psalm this morning, and could not see any thing of his own temper or features there. Who will help Thonilla to a pair of spectacles, and assist his eye sight?

I had scarce written this, when Sibylla entered the room, and when she had read the paper—"Surely," said she, "you have drawn the picture of Thonillo to the life; for though I never saw the gentleman, yet I have heard much of him: I know a brother and sister of his, Thonerus and Thoneria, and am acquainted with many others of his near relations."

DUC DE GUISE,

Called le Balafre, from a scar that he had on his cheek,

was the son of Francis, Duc de Guise, and from his earliest years distinguished himself by his courage and his generosity.

"Ambition," says the abbe de Choisy, corrupted all his virtues. Having one day won a considerable sum of money of M. d'O. the superintendant of the finances of France, M. d'O. sent one of his clerks with the sum in two bags, one containing the gold, and the other the silver. The Duke by mistake presented the clerk with the bag in which was the gold, and on his coming the next day to tell him what a mistake he had made, the Duke said to him well then, my friend, as fortune has been so very kind to you, you must look out for some other person than the Duke of Guise to envy your good luck; so go your way and keep the money."

The Parliament of Paris gave this distinguished Prince the noble title of "the Preserver of his Country;" a title which his eminent qualities of mind and of body well deserved, had they not been tarnished with insolence and ambition.

At the battle of Renti, M. de St. Fal, one of his lieutenants, advancing too hastily toward the enemy, he gave him a stroke with his sword, upon his helmet, and stopped him. After the battle, the Duke being told that St. Fal was much hurt at the affront he supposed himself to have received, sent for him to the King's tent, in which were the Sovereign and the principal general officers, and told him, "M. de St. Fal, you are offended, I find at the blow which I gave you for advancing too hastily; but it is surely much better that I should have given it to you to make you stop, than to make you advance. The blow is surely more honorable than disgraceful to you, I ask the opinion of these gentlemen." They one and all declaring that a blow given to repress an excess of ardour and of courage conferred more honour than disgrace, St. Fal was satisfied.

The Duke took Calais from the English, who had been in possession of it upwards of two hundred years, in eight days time and in the midst of winter.

The Chancellor of France, Le Tellier, used to relate this anecdote of M. de Guise:—The Duke was married to a princess of Cleves, a woman of great beauty; and from living in a very gallant court, that of Catherine de Medicis, she was supposed not to be insensible to the passion which a handsome young man of the name of St. Maigrin entertained for her. Catherine de Medicis having on some particular day invited the principal ladies at the court to a ball and supper, at which each of them was to be served by the young noblemen of the court, who were to be dressed in the liveries of their mistress, the Duke very anxiously intreated the Duchess not to be present, telling

her that he did not in the least mistrust her virtue, but that as the Public had talked pretty freely about her and St. Maigrin, it was much better that she should not go, as it might afford fresh matter for scandal. The Duchess pleaded in excuse, that as the Queen had invited her to go, she could not possibly refuse her. The Duchess went to the entertainment, which lasted till six o'clock in the morning. At that very late hour she returned home and went to bed. She had however scarcely lain herself down in it, when she saw the door open very slowly, and the Duke of Guise enter the room, followed by an aged servant, who carried a bason of broth in his hand. The Duke immediately locked the door. and coming up to the bed in a very deliberate manner thus accosted her in a firm and determined tone of voice: "Madam, although you would not do last night what I desired you, you shall do it now. Your dancing of last night has most probably heated you a little; you must drink immediately this bason of broth." The Duchess suspecting it to be poison, burst into a flood of tears, and begged hard that the Duke would permit her to send for her confessor before she drank it. The Duke told her again that she must drink it; and the Duchess, finding all resistance to no purpose, swallowed the broth. As soon as she had done this, he went out of the room, having locked the door after him. In three or four hours afterwards the Duke again paid her a visit, and, with an affected smile upon his countenance, said, "Madam I am afraid that you have spent your time very unpleasantly since I left you; I fear too that I have been the cause of this: judge then, Madam, of all the time that you have made me pass as unpleasantly as this. Take comfort however; you have, I assure you nothing to fear. I am willing to believe in turn, that I have nothing to be apprehensive of. But however, in future, if you please, we will avoid playing these tricks with one another."

The Duke was assassinated in 1588 by Poltrot de Mare, a Huguenot, and an enthusiast, who thought that by this horrid action he did service to religion, in violating one of her most sacred laws.

On the day before that on which he was assassinated, by order of his sovereign Henry the Third, some one put a note under his plate at dinner, to inform him of the king's intention. He read the note with great coolness; wrote under, with his pencil, "*Il n'oseroit*, he dare not do it;" finished his dinner very quietly; and the next morning attended his sovereign as usual, when he found too late the truth of the intelligence conveyed to him. The generous King of Navarre, afterwards Henry the Fourth of France, said upon the occasion, "If Guise had fallen into my hands, I would have treated him in another manner.

"Alas!" said he, "why did he not unite himself to me, and then we would have gone together and conquered that fine country of Italy?"

The Duke of Guise, however, well deserved the fate he met with. He was in arms against his sovereign; and at the detestable day of St. Bartholomew caused the brave and virtuous Coligni to be murdered, and afterwards trampled upon his dead body, when it was thrown out of the window by his savage orders. Guise was brave, magnificent, and generous; three qualities which but too often fascinate the minds of the mass of mankind so much, that they do not sufficiently consider whether they are directed by justice and discretion.

The last Duke of Guise gave the Abbe Arnaud the following instance of his uncle's extreme readiness in taking a resolution, and his firmness in executing it:

"The Duke of Guise was one evening at a ball given by Catherine de Medicis at Paris, and was dancing with a beautiful lady of rank with whom he was upon very good terms, when, taking him aside, she whispered in his ear, "Upon my word, it is a fine thing to see you amuse yourself here while your enemies are getting possession of the town of Meaux from you!" He got out of her in as few words as possible the secret of the enterprize that was carrying on against him, and without appearing to take any notice of what was told him, ordered one of his gentlemen to go directly to the Hotel de Guise, and to wait for him there with an Arabian horse that could make great expedition. The Duke staid out the ball as if nothing had happened, returned home, undressed himself, went to bed, and dismissed all his attendants. Soon afterwards he got up, dressed himself and by a back stair case reached the private door of his hotel, where his groom was waiting for him with his horse, as he had ordered. He immediately mounted him, and without a single attendant reached Meaux, thirty miles distant from Paris, just as the gates were opening. He pushed on directly to the guard-house, and in a firm tone of voice asked where such and such officers were, whom he named, and ordered them to be brought before him. A sudden murmur immediately rises among the soldiers. The inhabitants hearing that M. de Guise was arrived, follow him immediately to the market place, where he stops to harangue them. He then makes all those persons lay down their arms who had taken them up against him. He delivers from the prisons those of his own party, which the contrary one had thrown into them. In short, he spoke and he menaced with so much *fierte* and dignity, that he made the people do just as he pleased; and after having put every thing upon its ancient footing in his own favour, he returns to Paris with the same speed with which he left it, and appeared the same day at the Louvre, the Court of his Sovereign in that city, as if he had never quitted it."

On Princes so powerful, and so excelling in courage and in resource, Charles the IXth might well make this Quatrain:

Le Roi Francois ne faillit point
Quand il predit que ceux de Guise
Mettroient ses enfans en pour point
Et tous ses sujets en chemise.

King Francis in a prophet's strain
Thus paints the race of proud Lorrain;
"These Princes of the House of Guise
"Such wond'rous power exert,
"The doublet of my sons they'll seize,
"My subjects' very shirt."

The bodies of the Duke and his brother the Cardinal were refused to their mother, by the monarch who had caused them to be murdered: they were consumed by quick-lime immediately after the assassination, and were buried in the church of the Dominican convent at Eu in Normandy; where they are deposited under two monuments without any inscription.

The Duke of Guise's person was so majestic, that when his sovereign, Henry the Third caused him to be massacred in his presence, he could not help exclaiming, as he saw him lying on the ground, "*Mon Dieu, comme il est grand, etant mort!*"

The Duke of Guise, on setting out upon some very dangerous expedition, was desired by his brother, the Duke of Mayenne, to deliberate maturely before he engaged in it. "Brother," replied he, "be assured, that what I was not able to resolve on in a quarter of an hour, I should never resolve on, if I were to spend my whole life in thinking upon it."

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Promenade Dresses.

1. ROUND dress of white muslin, high round the bosom, with a lace frill; long sleeves. A pink and white shawl of clear muslin. A gipsy hat, a straw of chip, tied under the chin with pink ribands; a rose in front. 2. Dress of white muslin, with lace tucker. Scarf shawl of clear muslin, lined with purple. Small straw hat, turned up all round, and tied under the chin with purple ribands; flower in front.

Head Dresses.

1. A bonnet of black silk, trimmed with purple; short black lace veil. 2. A cap of white muslin, ornamented with pink bows. 3. A morning cap of white lace, with a purple Barcelona handkerchief pinned over the back part, and tied under the chin. 4. A white beaver hat, tied up in front, and ornamented with a flower. 5. A dress hat of white silk, trimmed with purple; a purple and white ostrich feather in front. 6. A conversation hat of straw, lined and tied under the chin with purple. 7. A small straw hat, trimmed with purple; feather of the same colour in front. 8. An Obi hat, tied under the chin with pink ribands. 9. A small bonnet of white satin, turned up on one side, and ornamented with a white flower.

General Observations.

The most fashionable colours are purple, lilac, pink, and blue, straw hats are still universally worn as are scarf cloaks lined with coloured silks. The piquer leno muslins, worn over coloured silk and trimmed with lace, are much approved for dresses.

TRIFLES.

IN the year 1585, it was decided at Grenoble, that a child, born by the wife of Mauleon De Beaumont, in the course of four years, during which he had been absent from her, was legitimate, that she conceived by *thinking on her husband.* The decision was founded on the examnation of midwives, who all declared that such had *frequently* been the case.

A Lawyer upon a late circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite Lawyer asked what made him cry? "*He pinch'd me,*" answered the little innocent. The whole Court was convulsed with laughter.

There were some years since at Oxford *six* physicians, thus peculiarly circumstanced—The breath and feet of the two first did not exhale "the odours of *Arabia*;" the *third* was remarkably *lean;* two others were turbulent and quarrelsome; and the last was supposed to be an Ignoramus in his profession.—The Collegians, in consequence, gave them the respective titles of "*Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Battle, Murder, and sudden Death!*"

PARISIAN ARTICLES.

La Gazette de France, Aug. 10.

BIOT, member of the national institute, intended, last Wednesday, in company with a friend, to ascend from the observatory in the air, and to make their meteorological and physical experiments. Government lent him, upon this occasion, its largest balloon, the same that had been in Egypt. But no sooner was this balloon filled, than a sudden gust of wind carried it away, and it has hitherto not beeen heard of or found. According to calculation, if it meets with no accident, it may arrive at or approach some of the planets nearest to our globe; and as all our best mathematical, astronomical, physical and meteorological instruments were embarked, with several bottles of wines and liquers, should it arrive any where in universal space where the inhabitants have not reached the same state of civilization as upon our planet, it may produce information, which chance has so often produced in our arts and sciences. It is well known that it is to chance alone we are indebted for our greatest discoveries.

Workmen are now pulling down the Theatre Feydeau, because the Emperor has ordered a new street to be made between the street Feydeau and the street Vivienne, where a new exchange, surpassing, in extent and beauty, both the exchange of London and of Amsterdam, will be constructed. The bankers and merchants, in gratitude for the *protection* and *encouragement* the Emperor has graciously given to commerce, have, by a deputation, demanded his Majesty's permission to erect his statue in the middle of this new exchange, to which neighbourhood the Imperial Bank of France will be removed. The Emperor's answer will be known at his Majesty's return from the coast.

During the first nine months, year eleven, 249, and during the same period this year, 316 mad, or lunatic persons, or 138 women and 177 men, have been sent to our public hospital for the reception of mad people. It is curious, that among the men is a young person, aged 25, whose folly is to believe himself Louis XVI. and among the women, a young lady, aged 19, whose madness is, to think herself the wife of Louis XVI. the unfortunate Maria Antoniette. They are both children of returned emigrants.

THREE honest men can never meet together to be merry, but the Devil sends a friend of his own, to prevent their falling asleep.

Philadelª, *Nov.* 17, 1804.

LITERARY.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, a work, entitled VALERIAN a narrative poem: by the Rev. John Blair Linn, D. D. late pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city. This poem is founded on some events in early christian history, and designed in part, to illustrate the effects of religion on the manners of barbarous nations. Some account of the life and character of the author will be prefixed to the poem.

QUAKERS.

By the annual account displayed in the circular yearly epistle of the Society of Quakers in England, it appears that the amount of suffering money paid by them during the preceding year was 12,630l. of which 9370l. had been paid for "tythes, Priests' demands, and those called church-rates," and 3260l. for demands of a military nature. This Society has a general fund for the payment of the above recited taxes, which their tenets forbid them to pay otherwise than upon compulsion. They farther explain in their printed statement that tythes are not so refunded.

MARRIED—On Saturday the 6th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. *George A. Wood*, merchant, to Miss *Mary Shannon*, daughter of Wm. Shannon, esq. all of this city.

—— On Thursday evening 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstine, Mr. *Benjamin Matlack*, to Miss *Catharine Karsper*, of Southwark.

—— On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Dr. James Abercrombie, Mr. *Samuel Thompson*, to Miss *Elizabeth Davis*, both of Southwark.

—— On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Schmidt, Mr. *William Wilson* to Mrs. *Elina Hale*, both of this city.

To Correspondents.

Adelio's favor is received, and shall receive marked approbation next week.

The remarks by *Candidus*, do not correspond with his declared intention, the Editor must therefore lay them aside.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENILE SCRAPS.—No. IV.

NOON.

'TIS now the very height of Noon:
In vertic fervor burns the Sun:
Heav'n's arch, late azure to the view,
Has gradual lost that grateful hue,
And seems one sheet of dazzling light,
Oppressive to the aching sight.
Around so spread the ardent rays,
The very air appears to blaze:
Its life supporting spirit flies
To milder climes and gentler skies;
And leaves surcharg'd our atmosphere
With poison, and disease severe.

Tho' scorching beats the sultry beam,
I would attempt some humble theme,
That might but aid me to forget
This noon-tide all-prostrating heat:
But, vainly I such theme essay;
So fierce I feel the burning day,
Which pours such dazzling deluge wide,
I scarce can think of aught beside.
By lassitude and heat intense,
Enervated is every sense;
And, correspondently, the mind
To inactivity inclin'd.
Then, let me while the hours away
As I surrounding scenes survey:
To cool, reviving breezes, soon
Must yield the ardors of high Noon.

Lo! while these ardors round me burn,
All nature seems her fate to mourn.
The earth so lately fresh and green,
Is axid now, and drooping seen;
The plains, late verdant to the view,
Put on a dusty, russet hue;
The pliant spires of grass decay,
And hang their heads and die away;
The waving foliage of the trees,
That lately met each passing breeze,
Now tow'rd the ground inclining bend,
And seem to mourn a timeless end,
Beneath the sun's triumphant blaze
That pours intolerable rays.
The cattle, overcome, recede
From the hot, almost parch'd up mead,
And from the galling-fly to shield
Themselves, desert the pasture-field,
And seek th' adjacent flood or pool,
Their bodies and their limbs to cool;
When deep enough they all rush in,
Until their heads alone are seen
Above the surface of the stream,
Where they, refresh'd, contented seem:
Or else, when they can meet no flood,
They haste to some thick shady wood;
Or to some breezy green retreat,
To screen them from Noon's burning heat;
These walk, or lie, and pant to find
The sweetness of the cooling wind.
The warbling songsters of the grove
Can swell no more their notes of love;
They too, o'ercome, desert the sprays,
And try to shun the piercing rays.
The fleecy flocks (the shepherd's care)
To some embrowning shade repair;
They lie dissolv'd in lassitude,
Regardless of their choicst food;
They only seek (with heat opprest)
Reviving air and quiet rest.
Ev'n I myself, as I pursue
The scenes thus open'd to my view,
And heat's all-potent influence scan
On nature all as well as man,
Feel the strong ardors of the sun
Throughout my languid frame to run,
I seem almost to melt away
Beneath this blazing flood of day.

Not diff'ring much (so Fiction goes)
Is my state from the state of those,
Whose youthful hearts, thro' Cupid's ire,
Burn fiercely with Love's hopeless fire;
Thro' all their veins the poison glows;
The raging flame denies repose;
They lose all former dear delight;
Each object fades upon the sight;
At length, o'ercome, they sink opprest,
And their lungs labour in the breast.
Say, mighty Love, can this be true?
Or do the poets libel you?
If true, Oh tyrant, may my heart
Ne'er feel your keen envenom'd dart;
Nor may your burning pains molest
The quiet of my peaceful breast!

But why on idle Fiction dwell,
Deserting real suff'rings tale,
Whose hist'ry cannot but impart
Deep int'rest to the feeling heart?
Sure, did I but reflect on those
Who live where Sol intensely glows,
And pours vast deluges of rays
In one eternal fervid blaze,
On arid countries that adjoin,
On ev'ry side, the burning *line;*
I shou'd not only reason find,
To bear, with patient, equal mind,
My short liv'd inconvenience here,
Howe'er oppressive, or severe;
But resignation wou'd controul
Each rising murmur of the soul,
And rather prompt the heart-felt lays
Of ceaseless gratitude and praise.

JUNIO.

ELEGY ON A MISER.

OLD *Gripus*, son of *Demas*, is no more,
By death, grim tyrant! in the dust is laid!
He's gone, forever gone! amidst his store,
And nature's *debt* unwilling he *paid*.

Each *noble virtue* seem'd within his breast
To shine conspicuous to the public eye;
Virtues which oft depriv'd him of his rest,
Care of his wealth wou'd draw the *manly sigh!*

Celibacy he practis'd all his life,
In which, alas! he equal'd was by none;
He never turn'd a thought toward a wife,
For he well knew *two* mouths were more than *one.*

His ample charities next let me sing—
To needy heirs his purse he freely lent,
Nay, to the poor, if they a *pledge* wou'd bring;
For which he took, 'tis said, *but* cent per cent.

Two children lost their way one evening late,
Whose story made his tender bowels yearn;
He took compassion on their helpless state,
And let them lodge *one* night within his *barn.*

Sobriety and temperance, virtues rare!
Seem'd in old *Gripus* to go hand and hand;
To break whose wholesome rules he did not dare,
Unless he was *invited* by a friend.

None sure like him e'er spent their time so well,
To slave and toil while others were at rest;
With trembling steps he'd creep towards his cell,
To pay a nightly visit to the *chest.*

"Then he wou'd *count*, good gods, how he would *count!*"
And dwell with heart-felt pleasure on each sum;
Then think with rapture on the whole amount,
How little more would make the wish'd for *plum.*

But ah, alas! he and his wealth must part,
He in his treasure can no more take pride;
Death, cruel Death, has smote him to the heart,
Against his will, alas! poor *Gripus* died.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers....to those who pay in advance 3 *dollars* per vol.